The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR. "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

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The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

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OSAWATOMIE BROWN.

John Brown—variously known as "Old Brown", "fighting Brown," and "Osawatomie Brown"—made his first public appearance in Lykins County Kansas, in the year 1855. That which will probably prove his last, took place, as the reader is already advised, at Harper's Ferry, Virginia, on Monday and Tuesday last. So strange a career as his has not arrested the public attention since Joe Smith was shot in the Carthage jail. His rank among the world's notabilities will be among such fanatics as Peter the Hermit, who believed himself commissioned of God to redeem the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels—Joanna Southcote, who deemed herself big with the promised Shiloh—Ignatius Loyola, who thought that the Son of Man appeared to him, bearing his cross on his shoulders, and gave him a Latin commission of mighty import—of Don Quixote, (if we may give him a place in history,) who was persuaded that he had a mission to rescue all the persecuted damsels in Spain. It was Brown's superstition that he was divinely appointed to bring American slavery to a sudden and violent end.

Of his birthplace we are not advised, but we believe that his home, prior to his appearance in Kansas, was in Northern Ohio, and that he migrated thither from North Elba, Essex Co., N. Y. In the latter State he was a tenant of the Hon. Gerrit Smith, and was often befriended by that gentleman after the desolation of his farm and the breaking up of his family in Kansas, had made him a guerrila chief in the border conflicts of the territory. The earlier skirmishes consequent upon the Border ruffian invasions of Kansas, developed fighting qualities in Brown, which gave him immediate prominence among the extempore military leaders of the invaded country. The section of the territory where Brown lived, not being brought into action so early as the region about Lawrence and Leavenworth, Brown took part, we believe, in the "Wakarusa war". When the Ruffian army, under the lead of Atchinson and Deputy Marshal Fain, marched upon Lawrence in May, 1856, Brown preceded them with a small company from Osawatmie, and offered to take the command in defence of the town. Robinson, Pomery, and other prominent citizens having decided to offer no resistance to the Missourians, Brown retired in much disgust. The invading force entered and pillaged the town, battering down the Free State Hotel with a six-pounder, and throwing the contents of the *Herald of Freedom* office into the Kaw river. Five days after this event a fight occurred at Potawatomie, in which five Ruffians were killed. It is believed that Brown was in the secret of their "taking off." On the 2d of June, Brown fell in with a party of marauders under the command of H. Clay Pate, who had raised a company specially for the purpose of capturing Old Brown. This was the battle on Black Jack. Pate was taken prisoner together with twenty-one of his fellow ruffians, and a large quantity of plunder, which had been levied on the country through which he had marched. Those who witnessed this affair say that the coolness and skill displayed by Brown, and the awkwardness and cowardice of his antagonist, were equally noticeable. Brown's force was considerably inferior to Pate's. The The prisoners were liberated a few days afterward. We believe that Brown was not present at the first sacking of Osawatomie, (June 7, 1856,) at which time his own house was destroyed, and horrible attrocities were perpetrated on his neighbors. On the occasion of the second battle of Osawatomie, (August 29), Brown was there with some forty men. The Missourians under Reid numbered 300 to 400. Brown's company had only two rounds of ammunition, but these were used to so good purpose that the Ruffians carried back two wagon-loads of dead bodies, though they acknowledged the loss of only five men. One of Brown's sons (Frederick by name), was taken prisoner, and murdered in cold blood by the Rev. Martin White, who accompanied Reid in the capacity of chaplain. There is a tradition in Kansas that about this time Brown captured five predatory Missourians, and in the darkness of night tried them by martial law, convicted and executed them. At the second invasion of Lawrence, (by Reid), Brown commanded a small party of his own men and routed an advance guard of the enemy a few miles from Lawrence killing half a dozen of them in a running fight. This is also a part of the history of the times which the newspapers on the Ruffian side did not choose to admit, and which the other party did not care to make public. Brown then left the Territory, proceeding through Nebraska and Iowa, and riding two days with a company of United States dragoons who were in pursuit of "Old Brown!"

Passing through this city he went to his old home in New York, and visited several Eastern cities, endeavoring to raise funds for equiping one hundred men for future operations. In this he was mainly unsuccessful, but he nevertheless made contracts for arms, wagons, saddles, etc., in various places, with which he re-appeared in Kansas in the summer or fall of 1857. Settling again in Bourbon County, he occupied a claim for some months under an assumed name, intending, as his friends supposed, to pre-empt it for his son. The Fort Scott troubles, including the *Marais des Cygnes* massacre, and the night attack on Captain Montgomery were the next events which called Brown into action. A short time previously, however, it became noised abroad in Missouri, that "Old Brown" had returned, and reports were dispatched to the country that he had three or four hundred men under his command, all armed with Sharpe's rifles, a park of artillery and no end of ammunition. Nobody on the border believed these stories, as is shown in the fact that a Missouri Sheriff with a Missouri posse of twenty or thirty men, set out to capture him and Montgomery. Brown was duly notified of the proposed capture, and though sick with the ague, mustered seven of his friends and neighbors and took position in a log house, where he awaited the capturing party. The posse came up and ordered the inmates to surrender. The latter replied *no* decidedly. The Sheriff then called a council of war, and after debating several plans of attack executed a retrograde movement with an appearance of disorder and precipitation—a rumor having been started that Brown had got tired waiting and was about to do something on his own account. There is no doubt that Brown's presence in Bourbon county at that time had a reference to his "divine mission," though it does not appear that he took the initiative in the Fort Scott troubles.

Shortly after the *Marais des Cygnes* massacre, Brown conceived the idea of carrying the war into Africa, and teaching the fighters on the other side of the border that a continuance of the war would imperil the safety of all the slaves in Western Missouri. While reflecting on this plan a negro came across the line in the night, imploring assistance for his family and fellows who were about to be separated and sold to the cotton and rice planters at the South. The first persons he met were Brown and half a dozen of his neighbors who were discussing the enterprise thus singularly thrown in their way. Summoning a dozen or more assistants they moved immediately to the border, and dividing into two parties they made a night of it, with the deliberate purpose of taking all the slaves they could find who had an inclination to be free, and making prisoners of all who should interfere with their design. The result of the excursion was the liberation of thirteen negroes, the capture of several white men, and the killing of one person who was making a vigorous resistance. The homicide was not committed by the division of the party to which Brown belonged but the responsibility of it attaches to him in a degree as the moving actor of the whole proceeding. Both parties then returned to the border with the proceedings of their foraging. The captured Missourians were then set at liberty, and told to go home and raise a rescuing force. Brown & Co. would give them ample time, and await their return, when they would settle the question at issue by open battle. A very loud noise was made in half a dozen counties in Missouri, but no volunteers were found for the proposed action. After waiting three weeks Brown dismissed all but a handful of his company, and took his line of march through Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois and Michigan to Canada. While pursuing his journey through the northern part of Kansas, he was menaced with an attack from a party of Missourians, about three times his own number. After retreating from them a day or two, he came to a halt, took four of them prisoners and put the rest to flight. The prisoners were lectured soundly on the evil of their ways, and then dismissed, minus their arms and horses. No other interruption was met with on the way to Canada.

This was Brown's last appearance in Kansas.—From that time forth (March 1859) his movements were so well concealed that his most intimate acquaintance in Kansas supposed him to be in England. The Harper's Ferry tragedy lifts the curtain on his mysterious footsteps for the last six months.

In person, Brown is about five feet eight inches in height. He has short gray hair, and diversifies his appearance with iron gray whiskers and moustache to suit the dangerous exigencies of his situation. His appearance is that of intense peacefulness, combined with hopeless verdancy. To the casual observer, he is the most inoffensive man that could be met with in a day's ride through Arcadia. His rural exterior has enabled him to pass unscathed through scores of perils, where his life would have paid the forfeit of his discovery.—It is believed by many of those who knew him in Kansas that the butchery of his son Frederick made him a monomaniac on the subject of slavery and that he had made a vow to wreak a great revenge on the system of society which had wrought so deep a wrong on him. But Brown himself repudiated this idea, contending that revenge was no part of his composition, and claiming to be guided strictly by the principles of Holy Writ. He seems to have been laboring under a religious hallucination to the effect that he was the appointed instrument of the Almighty for putting an end to human slavery. What time he and his handful of men in Kansas were not marching or fighting, they were praying and singing psalms—Brown himself passing many hours wrestling in secret prayer. His evident hallucination caused all the clear headed men in Kansas to avoid him or to have as little as possible to do with him. The same feeling made him dreaded by the Missourians as a supernatual being. His name inspired the same terror on the border, as the "Nick of the Woods" among the Indians of Kentucky, or that of the Cid among the Moorish hordes of Spain.—It was a name to fright children to bed with. No further evidence of his insanity could be required by a commission *de lunatico* than the late hair-brained movement at Harper's Ferry, an act which Wm. L. Garrison or Wendell Phillips would pronounce a sinful waste of human life. These men may applaud the moral principle which led Brown into the fatal *emute*, but no man in his senses can say that it is not the most crazy development which the slave history of the country affords.—The blind insurrection on the Cumberland River some three years ago becomes a well matured conspiracy compared with this.

THE KANSAS WORK OF BROWN.

[The following sketch of Ossawatomie Brown appears in the Boston Atlas. It is from the pen of James Redpath, whose familiarity with events in Kansas during its troublous times is well known:]

Old Brown—John Brown—the chief and originator of the insurrection, was a man of sixty-five years of age. He was born, I believe, in Connecticut, resided, for a considerable period of his life, in Massachusetts; but for some time—perhaps for several years—had lived in the State of New York, somewhere in the vicinity of Utica. When the Kansas troubles broke out he had a wife, seven sons and a daughter living. What are left of his family still live on his farm near Utica. At Springfield, I believe, he was engaged in the wool trade. Wherever he lived he soon acquired the reputation of a man of the sternest integrity of character. In Kansas he was the great living test of principle in our politicians. The more corrupt the man, the more he denounced Old Brown. It was a true compliment to be praised or to be recognized by him as a friend; for, even in his social dealings, he would have no connection with any man of unprincipled or unworthy character. In his camp he permitted no profanity; no man of loose morals was permitted to stay there—unless, indeed, as prisoners of war. "I would rather have the small pox, yellow fever, and cholera, all together, in my camp, than a man without principle." This he said to the present writer, when speaking of some ruffianly recruits whom a well-known leader had recently introduced. "It's a mistake, sir," he continued, "that our people make, when they think that bullies are the best fighters, or that they are the fit men to oppose these southerners. Give me men of good principles—God-fearing men—men who respect themselves, and with a dozen of them I will oppose any hundred such men as these Buford ruffians." His whole character is portrayed in these words. He was a Puritan in the Cromwellian sense of the word. He trusted in God, and kept his powder dry. Prayers were rendered up, in his camp, every morning and evening, no food was eaten, unless grace was first asked on it.

For thirty years he secretly cherished the idea of being the leader to a servile insurrection: the American Moses, predestined by Omnipotence to lead the servile nation in our Southern States to freedom: if necessary, through the Red sea of a civil war, or a fierce war of races. It was no "mad idea" "concocted at a fair in Ohio," but a mighty purpose, born of religious convictions, which he nourished in his heart for half a lifetime.

When the horizon of freedom looked gloomy in Kansas, he took leave of his wife and younger children, and, with several of his sons—four or five of them—went out to Kansas. He thought that the hour was approaching for his work to begin. The ballot box had already been desecrated; the ruffians of Missouri had overwhelmed by violence the rights of the North. He went to put a stop to the insolence and violence of the South; and to him, more than any other living man, we owe it that Kansas is a Free State to-day. To a man of a very different character, Gen. Lane, although a personal and malignant enemy of mine, I would accord the second place in this honorable rank.

Brown was not sent by any one, unless by God, (as he himself believed,) to vindicate the rights of the North and of freedom in Kansas. He was no politician. He despised the class with all the energy of his earnest and determined nature. His first appearance in the Territory was at Osawatomie, at a public meeting at which accommodating politicians were carefully pruning a set of resolutions to suit every shade of Free-State men. The motion that called him out was to pass a resolution in favor of excluding all negroes from Kansas. Old Brown arose, and scattered consternation among the politicians by asserting the manhood of the negro race, and expressing his earnest Anti-slavery convictions with a force and vehemence little likely to please the hybrids then known as Free-State Democrats. There were a number of Indiana Democrats present, whom his speech so shocked that they subsequently became, and remained, I believe, in the class of "law-en-order-abidin'" Pro-Slavery men. It was his first and last appearance in a public meeting. Like most men of action, he underrated discussion. He secretly despised even the ablest Anti-Slavery orators. "Talk is a national institution, but it does no good for the slave." He thought it an excuse very well adapted for weak men with tender consciences. Most men, who were afraid to fight, and too honest to be silent, deceived themselves that they discharged their duties to the slave by denouncing in fiery words the oppressor. His ideas of duty were far different; the slave, in his eyes, were prisoners of war; their tyrants, he held, had taken up the sword, and must perish by it.

The next time he appeared among men assembled in numbers was when Lawrence was surrounded by sheriff Jones' *posse comitatus*, (from Missouri,) during the Governorship of Shannon, in the month of December, 1855. His eldest son, John, had command of a large company of men, and he himself had charge of a dozen. He was dissatisfied with the conduct of Robinson and Lane, and predicted that their celebrated treaty, with its diplomatic phraseology, would only postpone the discussion at arms, which was inevitably and rapidly approaching. Lane sent for him to a Council of War. "Tell the General," Brown said, "that when he wants me to fight, to say so; but that is the only order I will obey." In disobedience to general orders, he even went out of camp with his dozen men to meet the invaders—to "draw a little more blood," as he phrased it—but by the special messenger of Lane he was induced to forego this intention and return. He always regretted doing so, and maintained that if the conflict had been brought on at that time a great deal of bloodshed would have been spared.

As to John Brown's political opinions. It is asserted that he was a member of the Republican party. It is false. He *despised* the Republican party. Of course he was opposed to the extension of slavery; and in favor, also, of organized political action against it. But when the Republicans cried, Halt; John Brown said—FORWARD, *march!* He was an Abolitionist of the Bunker Hill school. He had as little sympathy with Garrison as Seward. He believed in human brotherhood and in the God of Battles; he admired Nat Turner as well as George Washington. He could not see that it was heroic to fight against a petty tax on tea, and endure seven years of warefare for a political right, and a crime to fight in favor of restoring an outraged race to every birthright with which their Maker has endowed them, but of which the South has for two centuries robbed them. The recent outbreak was premature. The inevitable coming triumph of the Republican party, I have the best authority for stating, was the most powerful reason for the precipitate movement. The old man distrusted the Republican leaders: he said that their success would be a backward movement to the anti-slavery enterprise. His reason was that the masses of the people had confidence in these leaders; and believe that by their action they would ultimately and peacefully abolish slavery. That the people would be deceived, that the Republicans would become as conservative of slavery as the Democrats themselves, he sincerely—may I add, *and with reason*—believed? Apathy to the welfare of the slave would follow, hence it was necessary to strike a blow at once. You know the result.

SPEECH OF MARY GREW.

[The following sketch of a speech made by Mary Grew, at the late meeting of the Pa. A. S. Society, is copied from the *Anti-Slavery Standard*.]

Thirty years have elapsed since the voice of a prophet of God rang out on the air, calling this nation to repentance, and demanding the emancipation of every American slave. Thirty years! During that period a generation have passed away, while the great conflict then commenced has been earnestly carried on. At this point of time a natural and interesting question is, What has been accomplished? What has been won? Look back to the commencement of this period, we see the nation slumbering over this great fact of slavery. Of those who were startled by the prophet's voice, some responded in anger, some in scorn, and a few gathered around his uplifted banner, and pledged themselves to work with him for the abolition of American slavery. Little did they then conceive of the greatness of the work before them; little did they foresee that it would extend through all these years. They saw that they stood alone, opposed by mighty forces, but they believed that the Church, as soon as her attention should be directed to the subject, would respond to their call, and come to their help. And none among them looked more confidently to the American Church for such aid than did he who commenced this warfare. Some persons seem to suppose that the early Abolitionists meditated a fierce onslaught on the Church. So far from this, they expected it to be found on the side of the slave. They were in the Church, and of it; pastors, decons, elders, devout men and women, whose most sacred associations clustered around it. They knew it by the dear names of the Church of God, the Church of Christ, and they believed it would be faithful to humanity. Oh! cold critic of to-day, standing, a calm spectator, outside of this great battle-field, censuring the harshness of Abolitionists towards the Church, little do you know the tenacity of the grasp with which they clung to it, or the pain with which they discovered that it was on the side of the oppressor; little do you know with what grief they learned the full meaning of those bitter words, "If it had been an enemy, then could I have borne it, but it was thou, my own familiar friend, my spiritual guide, my acquaintance, with whom I took sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company." The fathers and mothers of our Israel who have led our enterprise from that hour to this, and their young coadjutors who have unfalteringly toiled by their side, can testify that it was not until the American Church fully revealed herself as in league with oppression, not until it was clearly seen that slavery nestled under her altars, and was consecrated by her most sacred rites, while to the expostulations and entreaties of the friends of the slave, she gave, for all reply, anger, scorn, and excommunication, that the Abolitionists shook off the dust of their feet against her, and lifted up the cry, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partaker in her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

Is this the whole answer to our question, What has been accomplished? Have we nothing to show but the work of an Ithuriel's spear? A comparison of the past with the present condition of our country reveals a degree of progress sufficient to encourage the most desponding heart, and to strengthen the weakest hands. Thirty years ago the nation was silent on this subject; it might almost be said that no man cared for the slave. Now there is not a legislative body in the land in which it is not an exciting topic of discussion. It has entered into all our large ecclesiastical organizations: it is debated in our lyceums, in our streets, and by our firesides. It has divided the Methodist Church; and though the Methodist Church, North, can, perhaps, claim no great merit on the ground of anti-slavery character and action, it is something that she was willing, even, to decree that her Bishops should not be slave-holders. It has thoroughly disturbed the guilty peace of the Presbyterian and Baptist Churches, and, at last, has forced its entrance into that stronghold of conservatism, the New York Episcopal Convention. It is the one great question of our political parties, those parties which once scorned to notice it. Our movement has created a large political party; and though, perhaps, we are not very proud of this work of our hands, when we consider the low type of its anti-slavery character, still it is most important and valuable as an evidence of progress.

But an arduous work is still before us; the work of carrying on the half-finished moral education of this people, until the emancipation of four millions of slaves shall be accomplished. What are you going to do respecting it? Are you sitting still, with folded hands, waiting to see what the Abolitionists will do? Is there any greater responsibility resting upon them than on yourselves to do this work? It is *your* country which is to be redeemed from this great sin. Oh! minister, lawyer, merchant, mechanic, farmer—oh! father, mother, husband, wife—has the slave any stronger claim upon us than he has upon you? The slave is a man, and has a man's claim on you for sympathy and succor. The slave is a father mother, husband, wife, and as such, appeals to you for help. What does the Abolitionists own to him that you do not? In his name we ask you to come to his help, and so to labor in his behalf that of each of you it shall one day be said, For the emancipation of millions of slaves, for the redemption of thy country, for the bringing of the world into harmony with God, thou hast done what thou couldst.

From the Pittsburg Gazette.

THE SLAVE TRADE WINKED AT.

One of the resolutions adopted at our State Convention in June last, charged the general government with practically conniving at the re-opening of the infamous slave traffic. The charge excited the indignation of the supporters of the administration; but events are constantly adding to the strong proof then existing of its truth. The recent escape of the *Wanderer* from Savannah, is a case in point. She was fitted out for a new slave cruise, right under the nose of the Collector of that port, who took no steps whatever to prevent her sailing. He refused her a clearance, it is true, but did not use his power to prevent her sailing without one; and the pretence trumped up by her owner, Lamar, that she had been stolen from him was but a trick to keep his own hands clear. The government knew all about the object of the proposed trip of the *Wanderer*, and suffered her to be fitted out and to sail without taking a single step towards punishing or preventing such a flagrant breach of the laws The Savannah *News* gives the following history of the transaction:

"On Tuesday, persons on the lower bay observed that the Wanderer was taking stores on board, and on the same afternoon her sails were bent. On Tuesday evening, Lamar, her owner, who had been absent and but just returned to the city, met Collector Boston, and stated to him that he had reasons to suspect that Captain Martin, who had been in negotiation with him for an interest in the Wanderer, and who, it seems, had assumed the command of her, intended to steal the vessel, and requested that he would instruct the officers of the cutter to keep close watch on her. Boston informed Lamar that the cutter had gone to sea, and that he had no means of preventing the vessel from being stolen, leaving him to employ such means as the civil authorities of the port would afford him. On Wednesday morning the Wanderer having disappeared during the night, Mr. Lamar called on Mr. Boston and notified him of the fact, and asked him to write to the American Consul at Havana, and to others, advising them of the escape, and Lamar subsequently turned to the Custom House, and said to Boston that the Wanderer was aground in the river and requested him to furnish a steamer to go in pursuit of her. Mr. Boston informed Lamar that it was a new case in his experience; that the escape was a violation of the revenue laws, but it was his property that had been stolen—Mr. Lamar's—that he did not feel authorized, the cutter not being at his command, to contract a debt on the part of the Government to recover his vessel, at the same time informing him if he would procure a steamer to go in pursuit of the Wanderer, he would instruct an officer of the Revenue to accompany them, and that he would lay the matter before the Government, and if payment of the expenses incurred was refused, he, Mr. Lamar, would be responsible. The interview between Boston and Lamar took place about 9 o'clock A. M., at which time the Wanderer was seen from the Exchange steeple, aground, not far from Tybee. Mr. Lamar procured the steam tug Columbus, and accompanied by two Custom House officers, with a number of friends, well armed, among whom were several who had sold ship supplies to the Wanderer, yet to be paid for, left the city at 15 minutes past 10 o'clock, in pursuit.

"From the steeples of the Exchange the Wanderer was seen to get under way about half-past 11 o'clock, and on the arrival of the Columbus at Tybee, at half past 12, the yacht, having a favorable wind, was entirely out of sight. No doubt that vessel has gone to the coast of Africa to take in another cargo, and it looks very much as though the whole matter was arranged with Lamar, and connived at by him."

EXAMINATION OF CAPTAIN BROWN AND HIS FELLOW PRISONERS.

The examination commenced on the 25th ult., at Charlestown.

Sheriff Campbell read the commitment to the prisoners, charging them with treason and murder.

Mr. Harding asked that the court might assign counsel for the prisoners, if they had none. The court inquired of the prisoners if they had any counsel, when Brown addressed the court as follows:

VIRGINIANS: I did not ask for any quarter at the time I was taken. I did not ask to have my life spared. The Governor of the State tendered me his assurance that I should have a fair trial, and under no circumstances whatever will I be able to attend a trial if you seek my blood. You can have it at any moment without the mockery of a trial. I have no counsel. I have not been able to advise with one. I know nothing about the feelings of my fellow-prisoners, and am utterly unable to attend in any way to my own defence; my memory don't serve me; my health is insufficient, although improving; there are mitigating circumstances, if a fair trial is to be allowed me, that I would urge in our favor, but if we are to be forced, with the mere form of a trial, to execution, you might spare yourselves that trouble. I am ready for my fate; I don't ask a trial; I beg for no mockery of a trial, no insult, nothing but that which conscience gives, or cowardice would drive you to practice; I ask to be excused from the mockery of a trial. I do not know what is the design of this examination; I do not know what is to be the benefit of it to the Commonwealth. I have now little to ask other than that I would be not foolishly insulted as cowardly barbarians insult those who fall into their power.

The Court assigned Charles J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts as counsel for the prisoners. After consulting with the prisoners, Mr. Faulkner addressed the Court, and stated that he denied the right of the Court to assign counsel for the prisoners, and that he could not under any circumstances enter upon their defence on so short a notice, as it would, indeed, be a mockery of justice. Mr. Botts said he did not feel it his duty to decline the appointment of the Court.

Mr. Harding addressed Brown and asked him if he was willing to accept Messrs. Faulker and Botts as counsel.

Brown replied—I wish to say that I have sent for counsel. I did apply through the advice of some persons here, to some persons whose names I do not recollect, to act as counsel for me. I have seen for other counsel who have had no possible opportunity to see me. I wish for counsel if I am to have a trial; but if I am to have nothing but the mockery of a trial, as I said I do not care anything about counsel. It is unnecessary to trouble any gentleman with that duty.

Harding. You are to have a fair trial.

Brown. There were certain men, I think Mr. Botts was one of them, who declined acting as counsel, but I am not positive about it. I cannot remember whether he was one, because I have heard so many names. I am a stranger here; I do not know the disposition or character of the gentlemen named. I have applied for counsel of my own, and doubtless could have them if I am not, as I said before, hurried to execution before they can reach here. But if that is the disposition that is to be made of me, all this trouble and expense can be saved.

Harding. The question is, do you desire the aid of Messrs. Faulkner and Botts as your counsel. Please to answer yes or no.

Brown. I cannot regard this as an examination, under any circumstances. I would prefer that they should exercise their own pleasure. I feel as if it was a matter of very little account to me. If they had designed to assist me as counsel, I should have wanted an opportunity to consult them at my leisure.

Harding. Stevens are you willing these gentlemen should act as your counsel.

Stevens. I am willing that gentleman shall, pointing to Mr. Botts.

Harding. Do you object to Mr. Faulkner.

Stevens. No, I am willing to take both.

Mr. Harding addressed each of the other prisoners separately, and each stated his will agness to be defended by the counsel named.

The Court issued a peremptory order that the Press should not publish the detailed testimony, as it would render the getting of a jury before the Circuit Court, impossible.

The examination to-day, is merely to see whether the charges are of sufficient importance to go before the Grand Jury to-morrow. The jury will report a Bill of Indictment, and the case will be immediately called up for trial. There is an evident intention to hurry the trial through, and execute the prisoners as soon as possible, for fear of attempts being made to rescue them. In case of servile insurrections, thirty days is not required between the conviction and education, as in other capital convictions.

Circuit Court, Jefferson County, Judge Richard Parker on the bench, assembled at 2 o'clock. The GrandJury retired and the witnesses for the State appeared before them. At 5 o'clock they had not finished, and were discharged till to-morrow.

It is rumored that Brown is desirous of making a full statement of his motives and intentions, through the Press, but the court has refused all further access to him by the reporters, fearing that he may put forth something calculated to influence the public mind and have a bad effect on the slaves.

The mother of Cook's wife was in the court house throughout the examination.

The general belief is that Cook is still in the mountains near the Ferry. On Sunday night, the woman who keeps the canal lock says he came to her house and asked the privilege to warm himself. She knows him well and is a relative of his wife.

Coppec says he had a brother in the party, and that Brown had three sons also. There were two others, named Taylor and Hazlett, so that, including Cook 5 have escaped, 12 killed, and 5 captured, making twenty-two.

The trial will commence to-morrow morning, beyond doubt, though much difficulty is anticipated in obtaining a jury. Capt. Brown's object in refusing counsel is, that if he has counsel, he will not be allowed to speak himself, and Southern counsel will not be willing to express his views. The reason given for hurrying the trial, is that the people of the whole country, are kept in a state of excitement, and a larger force is required to prevent attempts to rescue. It is presumed that they will demand separate trials. After conviction, but few days will be given them before execution, though all but Brown will make a full confession.

The prisoners as brought into Court, present a pitiful sight, Brown and Stevens being unable to stand without assistance. Brown has three sword stabs on his body and one sabre cut over his head. Stevens has three balls in his head and had two in his breast and one in his arm. He was also cut in the forehead with a rifle bullet, which glanced off, leaving a bad wound. The trial will go on to-morrow.

[On the next day, the prisoners were brought before the Circuit Court for trial.]

The Circuit Court, Judge Parker on the bench, met at 10 o'clock. The Grand Jury were called and they retired to resume the examination of the witnesses. At recess the Court was awaiting the return of the Grand Jury.

Mr. Johnson, the U. S. Marshall at Cleveland, Ohio, arrived; this morning and visited the prisoners. He identified Copeland as a fugitive from justice from Ohio. His object, it is supposed, is to ferret out testimony implicating other parties. The excitement is unabated, and there are crowds of persons from the surrounding country.

Cannon are stationed in front of the Court House, and an armed guard is patroling around the jail. Capt. Brown has consented to allow Messrs. Faulkner and Botts to act as counsel, they assuring him that they will defend him faithfully, and give him the advantage of every privilege that the law will allow.

The Court resumed at 12 o'clock. The true bills were read to each of the prisoners. First, for conspiracy with negroes to produce insurrection. Second, for treason to the Commonwealth; and third, for murder. The prisoners were brought into Court, accompanied by a body of armed men; they passed along through the street and entered